FISK'S PATALITY.

The Colonel of the Ninth Shot by Edward F. Stokes.

TRACIC SECUEL TO A SILLY TRIAL

The Would-Be Assassin Lies in Wait for His Victim and Twice Discharges His Revolver.

BOTH SHOTS TAKE EFFECT.

The Victim Now Lying in a Critieal Condition at the Grand Central Hotel.

FISK'S DYING STATEMENT.

The Surgeons Still Searching for the Ball.

FEARS OF A FATAL

Scenes at the Bedside-The Last Will Prepared.

INTENSE EXCITEMENT IN THE CITY.

Interviews with Mrs. Mansfield and Mrs. Williams.

INVESTIGATION BY CORONER YOUNG.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. James Pisk. Jr., was shos, in the Grand Central Hotel, Broadway, it is fatally, by Mr. Edwin S. Stokes. Like ase of Mr. Albert D. Richardson, and, alas ! like nds of other cases, the allurements of woman have been the maddening insuence that has brought about this almost Mr. Fisk some time ago to become infatuated about Mrs. Josephine Mansfleid. This infatuation so grew a him that it appeared as though, had he been a Ring instead of a "Prince," he would have declared rs. Mansfield, "I'd crowns resign to call thee mane." He did give up a great deal to her, and he arkable schemes of gigantic speculation and, * is said, of political manipulations. The course of on and passion did not run smooth, and there was ultimately a disagreement that resulted in estrangement, and under hostile influ ences into something that looked like vindictiveness and enmity. The consequence of be said that "green-eyed jealousy" brought this "bill-ing and cooling" to an untimely end, and that if Mr. risk had not favored another lady with whom ne ame equally enamored, Mrs. Mansfield would be been his "true love" to this day. She became acquainted with Mr. Stokes, and womanone. This irritated Mr. Pisk, and by way of obtaining the sweetness of revenge, he became mixed up th Mr. Stokes' mercantile concerns, and eventu ally the latter was arrested for embezzlement. Then sed the tug of war. From the glided parlors and bowers of love in the Twenty-third street mansion the flerce fight was transferred to the law courts, to recriminations in the public prints and to the threatened publication of a com-Plak seemed to be getting the best of it, when yesterday afternoon he was struck by the cowardly hand of his enemy. of us all. Will bring this flerce and butter contro yersy to its own final appeal on Mr. Fisk's case will in doubt, in all probability, for several days wet to come. Mr. Stokes will have his crime, in any case, a jury of his peers, and him will be meted out even-handed justice. had very few friends in the city last night, and the corridors of the hotels, and especially the "Grand Central," from eve to early day, showed by their owded appearance how one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and that the dastardliness of assassination suppressed the teelings of enmity and contempt which Mr. Fisk's questionable practices of speculation have so uniersally aroused, not only in America, but in Surope, The last consultation of the physicians light, while it gave no positive assurance of Mr. Pisk's recovery, indicated that there was good hopefulness. Like the late Mr. stand tremblingly between life and death, and the public will, in their excitement, have to learn to ais with a sublimity of patience that will try th moral strength of the best conditioned natures.

THE SHOOTING OF MR. FISK.

Colonel James Fisk's private coach drew up at about half-past four yesterday afternoon in front of the Grand Central Hotel, on Broadway. It was about the time that New York's great thoroughfare presents the pleasantest signt. Men of business were walking leisurely homeward, troops of ladies were lingering among the glories of the stately carriages linea the curbstones waiting the pleasure of their mistresses, and the color and sound of life were more subdued and hard than at busier hours of the day. The run ble of the vehicles was not so noisy, for the heavy agging hither and thither, and had left Broadway, going nome through the by-streets.

before reaching the hotel, guided dextrously through the tide of other conveyances, a coupé at stence in the rear was observed foll en a mysterious manner. On the box of this coupe sat an upright and sturdy-looking man. He held the reins with a firm hand, and seemed to be look continually at the back of the head of the coachman who was perched upon the stylish equipage of the Prince of Eric. All the way down Broadway curious proceeding was continued. A few blocks from en and a man sprang quickly out, reached the dewalk and ran swiftly through the moving brong of pedestrians in the same direction in which the carriages had hitherto been going. This man was Edward Stokes, known to the world by time as the bitterest enemy of the had been riding in advance i his gittering carriage and him to his gittering ng public observation of himself. Darting through the crowd he ran for some distance until He passed into the main corridor just as the carriage of Fisk scopped in front; then went up the observed by those who saw him that he was pale and much agitated. No one fancled, however, that there was much significance in this fact, and so the momentary surprise at his ress passed only like a rippie over the

ended the stairs to the first foor and

then went down the ladies' private stairway. He

Pick had entered the vestibule and was going even steps which led into the hall. When reached the last step. Stokes, above him, standing ear the balustrade, rested a revolver on the rail and fired at Fisk. The shot struck him in the left arm; another immediately followed it, striking in the abdomen, and Fisk cried out,

"For God's sake, will anybody save me?" The impassioned Stokes glared at him flercely, fired two more shots, and then turned and ran up

At the top of the starcase he was met by a gen eman, who had heard the reports and was hurrying to find what the matter was. He passed Stoke and saw nothing singular in his appearance. Fisk

was still crying "For God's sake, will anybody save me

This gentleman, who is a resident of Boston and a surgeon, lost no time in putting his arm under the head of the prostrate man, who was gasping. The people in the hotel and those on the street at the time crowded around in intense excitement, and gazed and listened breathlessly and with some Mr. Fisk's sleeve on the floor. The question was

"What is the matter " He said, with an effort,

He was then lifted and carried up the stairs into the ladies' parior. There he was put upon a sola, but it was thought better to take him into another room across the corridor. Here he was laid upon a bed. A messenger was nurriedly despatched for a surgeon. Some one asked him

"Where are you hurt? How many wounds are

"Two or three of them."

His coat was quickly removed, but it was found nore difficult to get his shirt off; so it was cut into pieces, and in this way the wound in the arm was disclosed, the blood from which was running in a great stream.

The Colones looked at it bravely and without any apparent shrinking. The shot had passed com-pletely through the flesh, leaving a large, uglyooking note like one made by a builet used in a navy revolver.

sale "No." He said he had another one, and pointed to his stomach. The physician who had arrived uncovered the wound and found it large one, like the other, with vo-little blood visible. After the doc had finished his examination for the time Mr. Fisk asked for some "brandy and water." After he had drank it the doctor probed the wound, but found that he had no instruments long enough to reach the ball if it could be reached at all. While the ope ration was proceeding and a large number of persons were around him Fisk maintained his composure, the muscles of his face never quivering, and vatening the movements of the surgeon with the

Atter it was through he said to Dr. Triplet, who was the first to attend him;-

"Doctor, if I am going to die I want to know it. Pm not afraid to die; but then if I am going to die would like to know beforehand."

The Doctor replied:-"Colonel, you are not going to die to-night, and

not to-morrow either, I hope,"

The gentleman who had first found Mr. Pisk after he was shot asked him who it was who attacked

He answered.

Captain Burns in a taw minutes entered the room, and after saying a few words to the Doctor went out again. Then he returned with Edward Stokes, well guarded between two pottermen. He was made to approach the field, life wore a rigidly dignified air, with a face perfectly immovable, ex pressive only of intense pass and drongly suppressed. There was a singular high a his eyes, which he fixed upon the man whom he had assess nated.

"Is that the man who shot you?"
Pisk looked at Stokes and said:—

"Yes, that's the man who shot me, That's

Some one asked how it Spices, santed to kill

"Yes, be wanted my iffe." Fisk was soon surrounded by a boyy of doctors: and the corridor which op as into the ante-room to wis lying was quickly the chamber in which filled by his friends and ited very rapidly, and nearly all of the director officers of the Erie Railway Company were in A policeman closely guarded the door and at the a waiter permitted none but privileged persons to pass. Captain Burns passed to and out very often. The assembled gentler en talked little except when some one came from the room, when their inquiries were eager and excited. Colonel Pellows was a long time within, and when he came out looked hale and sad, almost haggard, as if he had experienced unremitting tanxiety of years. Marcy Tweed was pacing slowly and thoughtfully up and down the ball. his face not lighted as usual by an expression of humorous good nature. Jay Gould sat upon a chair against the wall, seemingly composed but anxious, for a long time; but every one was suddenly startled by seeing him bow his head upon his hands and weep unrestrainedly with deep, andible sobs. Then he got up and went away. From time to time - was whispered that the doctors were consulting or still examining, and at about eight o'clock it was said that the ball in the abdo men had been touched by the probe. Dr. Beach, surgeon of the Fifteenth precinct, said that it had entered about two inches above of it; there was internal hemorrhage, and although hope was expressed by those at the seemed to be some kind of a superstitious conviction in the minds of the majority that the wounded man

must die. To return to the time of the occurrence of the asation. Mr. Edward Stokes, who had been the cause of all this misery, ran down the stairs that he had ascended a few moments before and went up to

Mr. Powers at the desk, saying,
"There's a man shot at the ladies' entrance " When he had said this he seemed to have lost his ontrol over himself and to have been overcome by a panic. He looked about wildly and confusedly, is if to escape, and then suddenly ran towards th barber's room, from which he knew there were door opening into Mercer street. Mr. Powers had watched him suspiciously after hearing his startling announcement, and gave the alarm. He shouted "Stop that man!" Stokes was seized with the assistance of several persons, the guests who were receiving the soothing ministrations of the conferm's starting from the back to the foot of the stairs and made to sit dow in one of the waiters' chairs; while sitting here man observed that he very nearly fainted away

Mr. Powers sent immediately to the Fifteenth pre McCadden soon arrived and took the prisoner inte their custody. Vigilant search was then made through the balls and pariors for the revolver or pistol which Stokes bad used, as was not found in his possession. Crockett and all the servants looked anxiou every imaginable place, until, just after the identideatton of Stokes by Fisk, a young lady discovered it in the parior near the head of the stairs, lvin under a chair, where Stokes had fung it in his haste and excitement. The prisoner was then taken by Captain Burns and the officer to the station

Here he walked calmiy up to the desk and gave his name, residence and occupation. He was then taken to a cell below, in which he was placed. But it did not suit him, and as he spoke of such treatment in a deprecating way he was ordered to be brought up to the captain's room. He was approached by an acquaintance, one whom he knew well; but stared him in the lace a momen vacantly, seeming to be in a passionate daze, nearly like madness. A light proce over his face, and he

"How do you do, Dan ?" and then turned away or was pulled away by the officers.

John McKeon, the honest light in his gray eyes shundly saddened, but looking a kindly picture of

what an old man should be in his white hairs, arrived at the station house early in the evening with Mr. O. Bartlett and Mr. Willard Bartlett. Each of these gentlemen had a short interview with Stokes. Coroner Young appeared about half-past seven with Dr. Beach, spent a short time with Captain Burns, and then returned to the Grand Central Hotel

When Stokes had been brought into the Captain's room a score of reporters crowded around the door and pressed the doorkeeper for admittance. One boider than the rest addressed the Captain when he appeared and said.

"Captain, we must see the prisoner. It is a shame to exclude the press thus. The case is now out of your hands and controlled by the Coroner. You have no right to interfere."

Another scribe chimed in and said:-"Well, Captain, what are you going to do abo

At which the Captain laughed, and said that he porters knew this before.

The prisoner was again removed to a cell, this time to pass the night there. The cell is like all others in police stations... small, low and narrow, with a wicket door of latticed iron work, to which is fixed a strong lock. The walls are wintewashed to a ghostiy whiteness; the interior is dark and gloomy, and at the further end is a narrow siab against the wall,

mured as a consequence of misdemeanor. Stokes appeared very sulien when going to the cell, and, when the door shut behind him with a claug, turned around abruptly and looked at the officer. Then he commenced walking restlessly up and down the small space and called roughly for cigars. They were brought him, and he commenced ing fiercely as if for life. Cigar after cigar was lighted and flung away. In the course of his rest-less reverte he suddenly asked of the policeman who stood outside the door, with a betrayal of nervous ness in his tone:

"What do you think, is the man seriously in inred 972

The officer said that he did not know.

Stokes resumed his nervous movement and kept it no until the reporters left at a late hour, smoking and muttering to himself.

In another part of the station house was looked the boy who tends the door of the ladies' entrance of the Grand Central Hotel. He was closely guarde from the reporters until taken away to be examined nessed the shooting of Fisk by Stokes.

Coroner Young hurried from the station house back to the hotel. The excitement there was fa greater than immediately after the tragedy, and mented. As before it was divided into group which centred around persons who were supposed to possess fuller information than the rest, and mingled narrative and philosophy in their talk, giving free vent to their prejudices or sympathles. sentiment that was strongest was condem tion of the assassin.

"Damn it!" exclaimed one gentleman, who was well dressed, as, indeed, most of the crowd were "it was a mean trick to shoot a man without giving him a cnance. It was cowardly."

"Yes, sir," replied another. "I say, by Jove, that if things were only as they are in some of the States it would be a just act to lynch Stokes. I say, gentiemen, I'm no lover of Fisk; but I believe in fair play. He should have been given warning. I have no objection to seeing him wored, killed, annihilated. New York would breathe freer, the nation would breathe freer, the world would be relieved it he were not living. He is a pest upon society, weighing down spon morals an incubus of deadly weight. give the man a chance to defend his It would have been all right enough if Stokes followed him with a couple of Derringers in his pocket, and when he had met him offered him one, and, if had refused it, then he ought to have sh him like a dog."

"Oh, Fisk would never have touched a pistol."

"Then he should be shot like a dog."
"Gentlemen," said another man, excitedly, "what would you or I have done if we were at the place of Edward Stokes? Would we have endured all that he has at the hands of Fisk. That man has robbed him, trampled on him, jeered at him in his triumph, insulted him and wounded him in every possible and conceivable way, rolling in his wealth and Impudence before his eyes and those of all the world. He was right in taking revenge. I unhold hun in that. Fisk was served perfectly right-e trand and hypocrite, a mean money-getter and a vulgar follower of vain women. Gentlemen such a man is a curse to society in every sense.'

In another group the talk took a different tone. Here the sympathy was most strongly with the fallen Prince of Erie, and the denunciation of Stokes was bitter and violent. A good many declared their contempt for Fisk, but thought his assassin was as worthy of the gallows as any man who ever stood upon the scaffold. This feeling indeed more general than any other. The fallen man stood best in public estimation when compared with the man who had felled him. This was a natural result of the generous it was due is universal; but it was to a sense of honor than of hitting a man unawares. Justice spoke for Stokes, but honor for Fisk; and in this mood the public seemed not inclined to shield the criminal from the doom of other like offenders against the law of God and man, or even to speak tenderly of

The parlors, bright and cheerful in the brilliant wore that common expression of womanhood at such times which seems to indicate perplexity, horror, sorrow and anxiety at the same time. subject that was in the thought and conversation of every one else was in theirs. They discussed it with true female penetration and tact-especially regarding the motives, feelings, &c., of Stokes, women are such a students of male human nature. They had learned that he had come directly from the court in Yorkville when he began the pursuit of his enemy. evening papers told how he had been there tortured by the counsel of Fisk, who had so heart lessly questioned Josephine Mansfield that she had at length lost that supero self-command that had characterized her public ordeal, until vesterday and burst into tears. What would soone yesterday and ourse into tears. What would sooner drive a man mad than the agony of a woman whom he loves—that agony caused by his enemy? The feminine instinct guessed, or, rather, discovered that this was the cause of his sudden passion for revenge which led him to do so insane an act as to shoot Colonel Pask in public, when he could hardly hope to escape.

The friends of Mr. Fisk stayed at the hotel all night, and the halls and ante-rooms were scenes of

night, and the halls and ante-rooms were scenes or long, anxious walting.

Very late in the evening Mr. Stokes' coupe stood in front of the New York Hotel. After a white a stoot, dark man entered it and it drove away. This man is said by some persons to have accompanied stokes when he drove down Broadway, but who he

STATEMENT OF THE HOTEL DOORKEEPER.

About four P. M. Mr. Stokes arrived at the hotel passing through the private entrance, and ascending the stairs. Soon after Mr. Fisk arrived in a coach and inquired if Mrs. Moss was at home. Answering him in the negative he inquired if her daughte was at home, and, upon my assenting, we both passed up the stairs, Fisk being in advance. When about half way up, a shot was fired and Mr. Fisfeil on the stairs, crying "On!" Looking up I saw Mr. Stokes standing at the head of the stairs with a revolver in his hand; Mr. Fisk regaining his feet, h was shot again, and on Mr. Fisk falling be slid to the the stairs. Rising to his feet again h ascended the states and friends assisted him to the reception room.

ANOTHER STATEMENT.

A gentleman who was passing the Grand Central Hotel at the time of the assassination states that his attention was attracted by the of two shots-apparently pistol shots-fired in almost immediate succession. The sound proceeded from the hotel, and seeing some excuement manifested by persons standing attne hotel door he entered. By this time a large number of persons had gathered in the vestibule.

messengers were at once despatened in an direcions for medical attendance.

Fisk appeared extremely weak, and it was found that he was dangerously wounded in the abdomen. Stokes was instantly seized by some bystanders, and officers who arrived upon the scene at took him in charge and marched him to the Pifeenth precinct station house.

Fisk had just alighted from his carriage and entered the hotel when he was met and shot by his

Within an hour after the occurrence the Frenchic biegram had issued an extra, giving brief details the streets, shouling, "Extra! Shooting of Jim Fisk!" thousands of citizens had their attention arrested by the startling news and the paper found eager purchasers. In Wall street and the thoroughfares in the lower part of the city the most intense excitement was displayed, and, even after the ap pearance of the Telegram's extra, giving a circum stantial account of the shocking affair, people could carcely credit the terrible announcement.

MR. FISK'S ANTE-MORTEM STATEMENT.

An inquest was held at room 214 of the Grand Central Hotel, before Coroner Nelson W. Young and

the following jury:-Charles F. Moore, 143 West Twentieth street; W. O. Chapin, 273 Eighth avenue; John L. Hall, 178 Jay street, Brooklyn; Edward C. Moss, Grand Central Hotel: Deputy Coroner J. T. T. Marsu, 41 West Ninth

James Fisk, Jr., being sworn, testified as fo

This afternoon, about hall-past four o'clock, rode up to the Grand Central Hotel. I entered by the private entrance, and when I entered the first door I met the boy, of whom I inquired if Mrs. Moss was in. He told me that Mrs. Moss and her youngest daughter had gone out, but he thought that the other daughter was in her grandmother's room. I asked him to go up and tell the daughter that I was there. I came through the other door, and wa going up stairs, and had gone up about two steps. then, looking up, I saw Edward S. Stokes at the head of the stairs. As soon as I saw him I noticed he had sometning in his hand, and a second after wards I saw the flash and heard the report I felt the ball enter my abdomen on the right side. A second shot was fired immediately afterwards which entered my left arm. When I received th first shot I staggered and ran towards the door; but noticing a crowd gathering in front I ran back on the stairs. I was then brought up stairs into the notel. I saw nothing more of Stokes till he was brought before me by an officer for identification I fully identified Edward S. Stokes as the person JAMES FISK, JR.

The Verdict of the Jury.

The jury found the following verdict:- "That the said James Fisk. Jr., received his injuries by pistoi shot wounds at the hands of Edward S. Stokes, January 6, 1872."

REPORT OF SURGEON REACH.

Surgeon John Beach, and Deputy Coroner, peing telegraphed for, arrived soon after the shooting, and on examining Mr. Fisk's wounds found that he had received two wounds-one in the right arm, the ball striking just above the cibow, passing inside the bone and out at the back of the arm; the other ball entered the abdomen, about three inches above and two inches to the right of the umbilion passing downward and inward beyond the reach of the longest probe. The wound in the abd of a very serious character.

THE ANTE-ROOM TO MR. FISK'S CHAMBER

It was only to the privileged few that entrance was obtained to this room. There was a very wise interdict issued by those who had the charge of Mr. Fisk, as to admission even to the corridors, in order that as much quietude as possible should be secured for the suffering patient. A policeman was placed at the foot of the and another policeman was on duty in the vicinity of Mr. Fisk's foom. A HERALD reporter was, however, enabled to pass the parriers and, was permitted an entrance to the partor adjoining the bedrooms occupied by the patient. The indications that a sick person was not far away were many. On the marble slab under the large mirror a number of tumbiers and glasses as well as viais, ome partially emptied, but many that yet contained goodly quantities of healing liquids. Scattered around the room upon chairs, sofas and the floor were nats and overcoats and overshoes. Newspapers, some partially torn, were lying loose upon

THE PRIENDS PRESENT. These latter were seated around the room with long faces, discussing in low tones the incidents of the sad event. Among the most prominent of the quietly seated at one end of a sofa, his ample proportions filling it completely. Ite seemed to be periectly at ease, and looking for all the world as it he, too, had not lately experienced a sad calamity, although different from that of the sufferer in the adjoining room. The late "Boss" quietly conversed with some friends present, expressing his deep regret that the sad event that had call them all together had taken place. spoke in feeling terms of the kindness of hear Mr. Fisk, and expressed the belief that should die New York would deeply mourn the loss of a citizen whose enterprise was second to that of nonother of her citizens. Colonel Hooker, Mr. Fisk's brother-in-law, Mr. Barden and Drs. Tripler and Pisher were among the other occupants of

room. MR. PISE'S SICK CHAMBER was adjoining this room, and separated from it by heavy sliding doors. At the request of the HERALD representative he was kindly permitted an entrance by Dr. Tripler, who has been in constant attendan upon the patient since the moment he was short Upon entering the sick room Mr. Fisk was dis covered upon a bed at the right of the door. The room was righty but neativ furnished. The furniture, of black nut, consisted of a massive bedstead. bureau and centre table, the two latter having marble tops. Each of them was covered with vinis, tumblers, pitchers, bandages, towels and other an pliances for the sick. The floor was covered with a rich looking carpet, of a neat figure, and a number of wide easy chairs were ranged round the room, The sufferer lay upon the bed in a sound sleep, snoring very loudly. He was under the influence of morphine, large quantities of which had been given him since the attempted assassination. HIS APPEARANCE

was quite natural, except that there was a dark streak under ms eyes, which, too, seemed to have dropped lower into their sockets. His hair was neatly combed, and even his long mustache wawaxed as stiff as when he left the Eric building it the afternoon, Beside the bed was a chair upon which was placed a pillow, and on this his left arm rested, while the other was brown carclessly over his chest. His curs lay under the chair, and his wristbands being unbut oned his massive arms were bare to the elbow, the strong muscles showing the great physical powers of the man. For a lew moments the sufferer la perfectly quiet. Presently, however, he raised his arm and drew it several times across his face, in nervous manner, at the same time muttering some thing that was unintelligible. In a moment Tripler was at the bedside. "What did you say, Mr. Fisk?" he asked. "Keep away this pain," the sufferer replied, "and it is all I ask." "He is the gamest man I ever saw," said the doctor; "ne does pot seem to be alarmed at ail." AT BLEVEN O'CLOCK

the several physicians arrived and the last con sultation was held for the night. There were present, among other physicians, Drs. Sayre, Fisher, Trip ler and Wood. Anxious faces watched for the re turn of the medical men, and their exit from the sick room was the signal for questions from the scores of friends that filled the halis. "He is getting along nicely," said Dr. Sayre, "The wound has probed some five inches, but the ball has not been extracted. It has probably lodged in the cavity of the stomach, and the patient would suffer great agony if he were not under the in-

calt to say what the result of have great hopes of his recovery. He is a strong man, but his constitution will receive a severe strain by the time he recovers from his injury. The other physicians joined Dr. Sayre in his opinions, and many were the faces that orightened at these hopeful remarks.

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK

Mr. Fisk was sleeping soundly, and Drs. Fisher and Tripler had taken their positions at the bedside of the patient for the night. Mr. Tweed and the other watchers were still present, and a large number of people continued to occupy the halls and The physicians in charge anticipated no important changes during the night, and will meet their associates at a consultation at eight o'clock this morning.

MOVEMENTS OF STOKES.

Mr. Stokes' movements, after he left the Court at Filly-sevenin street, were detailed by Mr. John R. Fellows, at the Grand Central Hotel, to a large numper of attentive listeners. Mr. Fellows' statement was to the following effect:-Mr. Stokes entered a carriage at the Court room with myself and Mr. McKeon, at the conclusion of the Fisk-Mansheld case, and drove cown town. Upon reaching Chamtook of some ovsters. Mr. Stokes at this time displayed no unusual excitement. He was always excited when speaking of Mr. Fisk, but at this time no more so than usual. Bidding Mr. Stokes goodby, I repaired to my office and soon after departed up town. On my way I stepped into Niblo's and was here shocked by the intelligence that Mr. Fisk had been shot by Mr. Stokes and dangerously wounded. Repairing to the Grand Central Hotel 1 time after I left Mr. Stokes at Chambers street that I heard of the occurrence, and it seemed almost impossible that Stokes could have gone so far up

HR. FISK'S WILL.

town so soon.

Mr. Pisk's will was made by him during the for part of the evening. It was drawn up by David Dudley Field, and was dictated under a painful his property has been kept a family secret.

MR. FISE'S FAMILY.

Mrs. Fisk and the other relatives of the wounded man have been summoned to his bedside. She left Boston for this city immediately after the despatch reached her, and was expected to arrive in the city early this morning. Mr. Fisk's sister was in constant attendance at the hotel during the night, and much sympathy was expressed for her m her distress. Mr. Fisk's father is also seriously all and it is feared that should the intelligence of his son's dangerous situation reach his ears it will tell seriously against his recovery. At present he is aware of but part of the danger in which Mr. Fisk has been placed, supposing him to have been shot in the arm only.

The Captain of the hall boys heard the snots, and thought the plastering in the ladies' entrance had fallen, and ran to the scene to investigate the noise. He saw Fisk lying extended on the platform of the staircase, and asked, "What is the matter.

"I am hadly hurt." said Fisk: "Is there no one here to protect me in the house ?"

The nall boy helped him into the parlor, from whence he was taken to the chamber in waich he

CONDITION OF MR. FISK THIS MORNING.

At two o'clock this morning the Grand Central Hotel had resumed its usual quier. The corridors were darkened, and crowds that had wanted there during the early part of the evening had departed to their several homes. Fish was left to the care of Dr. Fisher, the house surgeon, and the Moss family. They were here, there and everywhere. Mr. Edward Moss gravitated between the hotel counter and the room. On the stairs the Misses Moss were sitting nearly all night. Mrs. Moss was in the room and assisting the nurse. Dr. Fisher reported that at about five minutes to two Mr. Fisk, who was sleeping and moaning loudly. He was previously under the influence of morphine-awoke. He asked for a glass of water and it was given him. He immediately relapsed into sleep. his situation at that time, according Dr. Fisher, was comfortable and easy, and he has strong hopes of his recovery, as yet neither inflammation has set in, nor has there been any penior-

A consultation of physicians was held last evening, and Dr. Carnochan would not allow any operation to be performed until eight o'clock this morning.

WHAT MISS MANSFIELD HAS TO SAY.

Immediately after the occurrence a Herald reporter visited the residence of Miss Mansfield, whose loves and bates have so much contributed to bring about the unhappy tragedy of mst evening. Ranging the door bell, a good-looking domestic appeared, and in response to the inquiry 'Is Miss Mansfield at home?" said she would see, and in a few moments Mrs. Williams made her an pearance, and stated that her coustn was ill and

"Have you heard of the shooting of Fisk by Stokesy' said the reporter.

"What " says Mrs. Williams, in great surprise

Fisk shot by Stokes?" Yes. Have you not heard of the circumsta "No; it cannot be possible! It must be a false re-

port! I cannot believe it." "But it is so, madame. I have just left the Grand Central Hotel, where Colonel Fisk is now lying in a dangerous condition, and Stokes is now an inmate of the Friteenth precinct station house, where he is a prisoner. The shooting is a fact. I am astonished hat you have not heard of it. The city is alive with

the excitement it has caused." Mrs. Williams was completely dumbfounded and refused to credit the story, but finally, thinking there was some truth in it. she ran to the chaniser of Miss Mansfield and related the story that Pisk had been shot by Stokes. Miss Mansfield timully came to the bottom of the stairs.

LOOKING PALE AND AGITATED. and nervously asked the reporter to give her truthful version of the affair.

REPORTER-Had you any reason to anticipate the Not the slightest. I can scarcely realize tha Stokes has snot Pisk, as I never heard him say an unkind word of Fisk, not even when Stokes had been informed that Fisk meant to do him harm."

"When did you last see Stokes?" "I left him about two o'clock in the afternoon. parted with him at Bixby's Court, in Fifty-ninth street, where he had been with me to-day, assisting me in the suit pending between myself and Mr. Fisk.

"Did he leave along with you?" "He left in my carriage in company with John McKeon, my counsel, and Assistant District Attor ney Fellows."

"No; myself and Mrs. Williams took Mr. Fellows coupe and returned home. When I got home

that I immediately retired to my room mained there until disturbed by you." "Can you conceive what induced Stokes to com mit such an outrage ?"1

"I cannot conceive why he committed the act, if he has done so; even vet I am reluctant to pelieve it. "It is certainly very strange." "WHY, HE MUST HAVE BEEN INSANE. or laboring under some temporary aberration of

mind, or he never would have allowed himsel run into such a rash act." "Then you know nothing about the affair ?" "No. I wish it to be distinctly understood that

am in no way connected with the sad affair. I have and in the action against Fisk am only endeavoring

to obtain money that rightfully belongs to me; and that is my only object in the suits that have been "It is very sad that such an occurren have taken place."
"Yes. It is olmost incredible to my mit

Stokes should have committed the act. I must be neve that he was insane, or he never would attempted to take the life of Pisk.

IN VINDICATION OF MYSKLE I again assert that I had no connection with the

"Will you visit him to prison ?" "Immediately-I will. He may have received some provocation that goaded him to madness, and I will go to superintendent Kelso and get an order

to gain access to him where he is confined. Here Miss Mansfield became exhausted and declared she could talk no further, and retired to her om. She showed no outward sign of sorrow at the predicament Stokes is placed in, though it is evident that she keenly feels the tragic termination

EXCITEMENT TERROLOGIST THE CITY.

Never since the memorable night that Ane Lincoin was shot was there such excitement through-one the city. In the street cars, in the hotels, everywhere throughout the entire city nothing was talked of but the attempted assassination. People who never heard of Jim Fisk before analytically discussed his character and lound something to praise, on the principle

"NIL DE MORTUIS NIST BONUM."

In the same way the would-be assassin's character was fully discussed, and Stokes was soon discovered to have excepted, even at an early age, the most sanguinary tendencies. Never since that memorable night was there such exchement round the notels. The shooting occurred so late in the afternoon that most of the business men had reached their homes before having a chance of hearing of it. The first thing they heard, of course, on entering their accustomed places of resort was that Mr. disk HAD BEEN SHOT.

Every one, of course, rushed at once for the hotel to

verify the report. Very lew people at first would trust the rumor and treated it as a newspaper canard. Even some were found so increaulous as to refuse to go a short distance to make themselve certain, and it was not until the inevitable "extraof the evening papers appeared that the general run of people could be got to ocileve in the report. As soon, however, as it began to be believed that Mr. Fisk was really shot there was

A GENERAL BUSH for the hotels, and when the incredulous had made themselves positively certain they hurrled away to tell their friends, who wouldn't be satisfied with such a report, but came down themselves to peron to test its truth and swell the crowds in the corridors of the hotels.

AT THE PIPTH AVENUE HOTEL The scene at the Fifth Avenue Hotel was simply indescribable. As soon as ever the news of the

snooting reached the clubs the members adjourned to the hotel as to one common centre. Centiemen who had accidentally heard of it after leaving their BURRIED THITAER TO BEAR THE LATEST PARTICIPATION The brokers, above all, were first on the scene

and the ball of the Fifth Avenue Hotel was for the

nonce converted into a lively stock market on a

small scale. In fact, everybody of any note at the uptown side of Twenty-third street put in an appearance at the hotel during the evening. At seven o'clock the crowds began to flock into the hallway, and by hair-past seven there was scarcely standing room in the lower floor of the notel. crowd was a multifarious one. On the outside, by the door, were two or three State Senators sur

crowd was a multifactous one. On the outside, my mee door, were two or three State senators surrounded by groups of triends, all eagerly posciosis of the Deradyul occupancy of the outsides of this group were knots of smail-fry polyticians, who divided their attention between the tragedy and the republican quarrer in the Legislature. Inside were the Wall street people. There was a strange, contradictory feeling manifested in the crowd which filled the vast dailway. There was

There was

A KIND OF A SYMPATHY

for the man who had been shot down in the prime
of his life, in cold blood, and yet there seemed to
be—particularly among the stock dealers—a kind of
unexpressed opinion that Fisk's death would prove
a good riddance.

To an outsider this feeling would seem strange,
and, at first, unaccountable. There were enough of
hippant expressions of sympathy to be beard on
every side, and yet from the accompanying remarks
and from the tone to which they were uttered one
saw that they

every side, and yet from the accompanying remarks and from the tone to which they were uttered one saw that they

For instance, one heard on every side—"Poor fellow !!" "This too bad;" "The fellow did not give him a chance." And yet, in the same breath, one nearl—"Erie is sure to go up now, anyhow?" "This will be a big thing for the English stockholders:"
"Erie is a good road, and, by Jove, it ought to pay."
Our reporter louned several groups of brokers who, had evidently come preparted for speculation, and yet somehow everybody seemed to have a difficulty in starcing business. The slory of the snooting was told over and over again with addenda and corrections which would have

told over and over again with addenda and corrections which would have

PUZZLED AN EYE WITNESS.

Some said that Fisk was shot tarough the head,, and, "owing to his extraordinary vitality, was shall hiving." Others said that "the ball passed clean through his head," and that the wound would heaf up in time, as such a wound often did during the war. In fact, poor Fisk was reported to have received every known wound which it was possible for him to have received without gotting

HIS IMMEDIATE QUIETUS.

At nine o'clock a telegram was received at the notel which ran as follows—

"Just left Fisk's bedside. He has been shot through the stomach, in the right side. One surgeons are now searching for the ball, but have failed up to the present to discover it. Parker is of opinion that if the ball be not found the wound will prove mortal.

through the stomach, in the right side. One surfaced up to the present to discover it. Parker is of opinion that it the ball be not found the wound will prove mortal.

"Stokes ind the pisto; behind a sofa, and was arrested by Mr. Powers. He is now locked up in the Fifteenth precinct station house."

When this telegram arrived there was an immense rush towards the operator's desk. The oid gentleman, who had a decided interest in "Erice," land hold of the paper, but there was a general cry of "give it to some one to read." "Take it, Dick it and belore the old gentleman had deciphered the contents a well known broker had the buildedn in hand and read it aloud for the crowd. As the last baragraph which announced that Stokes was locked up in the Fifteenth precinct station house was read.

There was a station house was read. There was a scheral rush to the indicator, which showed that the closing price of Erie in Wall street yesterday afternoon was 35%. This telegram was posted over the gnotation, and for a long time afterward it was physically impossible to get near the indicator.

Shortly after this the news came that the Coroner had taken Fisk's alle-mortem statement, and the excitement became most intense. About ten o'clock a rumor was spread through the hotel that Fisk was dead, and it would be impossible to extend which in produced on the crowd. An immense reaction at once set in layor of the supposed "dead," and the good qualities of "the deceased" were freely canvassed. Among all but the Wall street people there was evident sympathy on every side, One neard, "Well,

He was a good Fellow any mon arrived at the safe to check which it good qualities of "the deceased" were freely canvassed. Among all but the wall street people there was evident sympathy on every side, One neard, "Well,

He was a good on his money." The effect of the report on the brokers was different.

A man asked another, "Has Fisk really received his quietus?" and in one group of prominent Wall street men one well-known gentleman arrived at th

done at this figure, though the general impression seemed to be that Erie stock would go up like a balloon should

In plain language, it was evident that, though there was a great deal of sympathy expressed for Fisk, and though a decided reaction had set in in his favor, there was a great desire to spacelate on his favor, there was a great desire to spacelate on his favor, there was a great desire to spacelate on his favor, there was a great desire to spacelate on his favor, there was a great desire to spacelate on his favor, there was a great desire to spacelate on his favor, there was a great desire to spacelate on his favor, there was a great desire to spacelate on his favor, there was a great desire of head of the finest rail roads in the world. As the highe wance every liem of news from the Grand Central Hotel a very short time after it occurred. A number of Tammany politicians and railroad men were chatting at the bar when the news arrived, and an immediate rush was made for the Grand Central. In a few minutes the hotel was deserted, and it was not until late in the evening that the crowds flocked back to discuss the direumstances of the shooting. People who make the Metropolitan their rendezvous in the evening nurried thither to make themselves certain that the report was true, and no sooner had they fone so apparently than they hurried off to the Grand Central, as if by being nearer to the scene of the tragedy they could feel as if they knew more about it than mere oustdors. Mr. Tweed was in the Metropolitan Hotel when the news of the

CONTINUED ON TENTH PAGE.